Rew, euen for Ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call, foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely ſpeake thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timeleſſe end?

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*

Bull. Cooſin, ſtand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your Coosins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwere ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine Honour ſoyld
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall ſeale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou lieſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly Sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mooud me ſo.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle,* in gage to thine;

By

By that faire Sunne that ſhewes me where thou ſtandſt
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpakſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Glocesters death:
If thou denieſt it twentie times, thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darſt not (coward) liue I to ſee the day

Fitz. Now by my ſoule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou lieſt, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniuſt,
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing, ſeize it if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull ſteele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forſwone *Aumer*
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From ſinne to ſinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwere twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in preſene then,
And you can witneſſe with me this is true.

Sur. As falſe by heauen, as heauen it ſelfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie, thou lieſt. (ſwo

Sur. Diſ-honorable boy, that ly ſhall ly ſo heauie on
That it ſhall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers ſcull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darſt.